

THE SPIRIT OF DEMOCRACY.

A Family Newspaper--Devoted to Politics, Foreign and Domestic News, Literature, the Arts and Sciences, Education, Agriculture, Markets, Amusement, &c.

JAMES R. MORRIS, Publisher and Proprietor.

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Poetry.

THE WORLD AS IT IS.

The world is not so bad a world
As some would try to make it;
Though, whether good or whether bad,
Depends on how we take it.
For if we scold and fret all day,
From dawn till dusk till even,
This world will never afford to man
A foretaste here of heaven.
This world in truth is as good a world
As ever was known to any
Who have not seen another yet,
And there are very many.
And if the man and woman too
Have plenty of employment,
Those surely must be hard to please
Who cannot find enjoyment.
This world is quite a glorious world,
In rain or pleasant weather,
If people would but learn to live
In harmony together;
Nor seek to burst the kindly bond
By love and peace cemented,
And learn that best of lessons yet,
To always be contented.

Then were the world a pleasant world,
And pleasant folks were in it;
The day would pass most pleasantly
To those who thus begin it;
And all the nameless grievances
Brought on by borrowed troubles,
Would prove, as certainly they are,
A mass of empty bubbles.

Communication.

For the Spirit of Democracy.

ALL ABOUT SHOOTING.

MR. MORRIS AND WILLIAMS—I haven't told you yet what rare sport we've had here of late on Saturdays. It's rich. I allude to shooting. (By way of parenthesis, I have the best gun alive—just 116 to the pound.) Now shooting—ought to be encouraged. Who can tell how soon we may be overrun with *Inquis*? And the horrid *Russians* and *English* and *Denmarks* are always in the way. So we ought to know how to shoot straight. And how plucky handy in hog killing time to be able at twenty steps to lay a bullet at the right place between the eyes. I'm in favor of shooting! But I don't want to talk about shooting in general, but the above said sport in particular. You see it was a nice *point* as they say. The question was how we should make the thing interesting and not break the law—because bawling the disgrace of being fined, we didn't like even the appearance of gambling. So we put our heads together, me and the rest of them, and after a deal of thinking we figured it out. We all said that we wouldn't bet no how, but we'd make a purse (each man throw in a dollar) which should be divided into three purses of different sizes, and when the shooting was over, these purses should be divided among the three most meritorious shooters. And the thing was nearly as interesting as if we had bet. On the first Saturday that I was there, I had no merit, but some how the next time the committee gave me five dollars—all for meritorious shooting—enough to keep me in liquor three weeks. Oh, I tell you I'm in favor of shooting when merit's rewarded. And all I ask is just enough *spirits* to steady the nerves and I'm ready.

I wish you would publish this, Mr. Editor, so that the folks at Beaverville and other places can have the same fun that we here at Woodsfield can, and like us be free from the trouble of a suit.

Now when a scoundrel steals his neighbor's wood, or binds wheat, on Sunday, or commits any such heinous crime, he ought to be punished—we all agree to that. But if a fellow shoots or runs horses—both of which ought to be encouraged—the one enable us to keep off the *Inquis* and *English* and other heathens, and the other to improve the stock of horses—so body ought to know whether there was any bet made. For my part on such occasions I'm as blind as a bat, and if afterwards called on about it my recollection is always clean gone.

I hope the folks at other places will profit by these few lines. But don't break the law. As that Boston woman says "It's covetous." Just make up a purse of fifteen or twenty dollars, and like us distribute it to the most meritorious marksmen. It's nearly as interesting as if there was a bet. Till close for the present with my old motto—

"A fig for those by law protected—
Shooting is a glorious thing—
Courts for cowards were erected
Churches built to please the King."

DAVID PHIGGINS.

Typographical Errors.

The Franklin Register lately published an address by the Rev. Mr. Abbott, and in its next issue noted the following correction:—"dam swizzle," please read "prominence."

This was bad enough, but the next week the same paper has the following:—"In an advertisement which appeared in our last paper, for 'Bumbleton's' storm-destroying porringers," read "Hamilton's worm-destroying lozenges."

For "Her Grace the Duke," in yesterday's Journal, read "His Grace the Duke."

LE CAFE DU SOLEIL.

BY M. M. BALLOU.

Being on a business tour among the Southern and Western States, I found myself, sometime in November of 1833, in the city of Creoles and masquerade balls, and it being a healthy season of the year for a sojourn in this city of swampy boundaries, I had determined to look about the place, and so impress its peculiarities and localities upon my mind as to serve me for future reference.

New Orleans, the Crescent City, affords a strange mixture of human nature, representing almost every nation and country upon the face of the earth. The city is, as it is well known, almost equally divided in regard to inhabitants, of French and American extract intermingling with whom there is plentiful sprinkling of Spanish, German, Swiss, Irish, Creoles, &c., forming altogether an heterogeneous compound of human nature, not to be met with perhaps in any other city in the world. Add to these a floating population of some thousands from the up country, or backwoods, consisting of the western adventurers, bowie-knife bullies, blacklegs, and the scum of the river cities which finds its way down the stream, and you have a daguerotype of the people of this capital of Louisiana.

After an evening's stroll upon the levee I had dropped in at LE CAFE DU SOLEIL, or, as it was known in the American section of the city, "The Sun Coffee House," and sat sipping my coffee and studying the various grounds that filled the spacious saloon, when a singular occurrence took place which I design to relate.

It was a medley company that filled the cafe. There sat a representative of Holland, solid and heavy, taking copious gulps from the mug at his side, while at the same table, and apparently engaged in consummating some business arrangement with the Dutchman, sat a light, vivacious Frenchman, the very opposite in point of character to his companion, and there were well-fed and rosy-cheeked Englishmen, too, and a sagacious Yankee conversing with a black-eyed Creole, with an almost effeminate person, and a form for a sculptor. A broad-shouldered Scotchman, cool and calculating, was playing cards with a citizen at a table; even the half-breeds of the native tribes of the West were there. The rude speeches and rough jokes that fell upon my ear in various tongues and mingled languages, jarred harshly against my feelings.

At a table nearer than the rest, I observed one party whom I readily detected as "sharpers" or blacklegs, whose expensive dress and off-hand manners could not disguise their true character; they were of that class of gamblers whom we designate as genteel gamblers. I particularly noticed one among their number who swore the loudest of the crew about him, his time and voice being occupied in boasting of his prowess, and being perhaps somewhat excited by an extra glass, he challenged any of the party to set to cards or fistfights. Being well armed I determined to stop and witness the fellow's conduct.

I soon learned from one who sat near me, that he was a noted gambler and duelist; a man who was a great braggard, and yet he had established an undoubted courage, from the fact of his having fought and killed several noted characters who had formerly moved in his own sphere of society. "He's up to a spree to night," said my informant, "and will not be satisfied until he has insulted some one."

About this time I observed a young man enter the cafe, and ordering something of the servant took a seat at a separate table, near by. He was a young, quiet, and pale faced youth, indeed almost a boy, and evidently a stranger in the city. The crew of sharpers, winking to each other intelligently, set their eyes on him immediately, while the bully, whom they called in their cant speech Fetlock, forthwith set about some plan to insult and draw him out; the plan probably being that when Fetlock should threaten the youth, the rest of the party would interfere, and pretending to take sides with him, ingratiate themselves into his confidence, thus affording them an opportunity to play their usual game upon him. Thus it seemed that Fetlock, who was considered by his party to be utterly invulnerable, was used as a tool-pigeon, or decoy duck for similar occasions.

The black-guard commenced by throwing out some vile hint, the import of which could hardly be mistaken, for although it did not absolutely name the new comer, all eyes were turned towards him. The young man blushed deeply, and the blue veins in his forehead strained almost to bursting, yet he took no further notice of the insult than his countenance betrayed, nor did he even turn towards the speaker who had thus publicly insulted him.

Foiled in his attempt thus to engage the stranger in a controversy, Fetlock, so called, threw a small piece of fruit, while the company were still regarding both, which fell immediately before the youth upon the table. Startling at the moment, the stranger arose, and turning towards the perpetrator of the insult, with a calm voice observed:—"You annoy me, sir; you should be careful in what direction you throw your official."

"What's that you say?" said Fetlock, walking up to the speaker with a blustering air, "do you mean to insult me?"

"On the contrary," was the reply, "you seem desirous to insult me."

Fetlock had now worked himself into a most ungovernable rage, and advancing still nearer to the youth, said, "take that," at the same time striking a blow with his fist, which the youth evaded with great skill, and raising the chair at his side with an ease and show of strength that the sight of his slight frame by no means warranted, he struck the bully a powerful blow upon the head with it, so as to bring him to the ground, the blood pouring from his mouth and nostrils while he absolutely roared with madness.

The keeper of the cafe here interfered, and put a stop to further quarrel, but Fetlock soon recovering from the injury he had received, insisted upon immediately fighting his antagonist with pistols.

The keeper of the cafe told Mr. Eaton,—"this, I afterwards learned was the young gentleman's name,—that Fetlock was a celebrated shot, and that he never missed his aim; that he had to his certain knowledge killed nearly a dozen in a single combat, and urged young Eaton by no means to accept his challenge."

But Eaton was an ardent South Carolinian of good birth and high notions of honor, and therefore felt himself bound to accept the proffered challenge; he therefore accepted it, and resolved to fight. Introducing himself to me on the spot, he declared himself an utter stranger in the city, and desired to know if I would act as his friend or second on the occasion. I promptly refused, but in such a manner as not to wound his feelings, assuring him that it was against my ideas of honor for two men to attempt the life of each other; warily pressing my hand he told me he could not listen to my earnest and oft repeated wish that he would abandon the whole affair.—He readily found another upon the spot, who agreed to stand his friend for the occasion.

I heard the appointment and the place, and determined to be upon the spot. By his earnest solicitation I accompanied young Eaton to his hotel, when snugly locked in his room he gave me some particulars of his life and family.

"I was an orphan," said he, "at a very early age, and have lived from that time in the family of an uncle, a planter in South Carolina. A few years ago, I became enamored of as lovely a girl as ever breathed our southern atmosphere. I was happy, thrice happy; the time had been appointed for our nuptials, when I discovered her infidelity! I could not for a long time believe the truth, but at last was constrained to do so, and for many months lay at death's door with a raging fever, brought on by this severe and unlooked for event. I immediately assumed a profitable agency for my uncle in Havana, on my recovery, and during the two years past have resided in that city, where at length I have closed the business I have conducted, after a most profitable campaign. I am at this time on my return, and have chosen the route via this city, having never visited it."

He entrusted to me several letters and papers to be sent to his family in case of his death, and several times intimated that he had held his life very tight since his disappointment, and that he should at least have the satisfaction of riding the country of a villain.

I again endeavored to persuade him to abandon his purpose, pointing out how easily he might do so without incurring the least odium as to his personal courage. I told him I would reach the ground with a posse of police in such a manner that no suspicion would attach itself to him as being aware of the circumstance; but no argument appeared to have the least weight with him. He did not care to live, he said, and that he should certainly clear the world of that bully. He would not permit me to leave him that night, and I had given him my word as a gentleman I would not in any way interfere in the proposed meeting on the morrow. I left him about midnight and wended my way to my lodgings at the St. Charles.

The next morning I was early at the appointed rendezvous, when I found the parties already assembled.

The noisy bully was in his element,—blustering about the spot as though he was a king, confident of an easy victory; he confidently looked upon young Eaton as a poor, thoughtless victim, and thinking that his shot, if he fired at all, would be like the fire of any green one, who, if he took good advice, would, on his first aim fire some three or four yards above or aside of his mark, and then he might stand a bare possibility of hitting it; this last remark indeed he made, or one equivalent to it so loud as to reach the ears of the whole company.

Henry Eaton was calm and collected; he was, perhaps, a shade paler than the previous night and it was evident that he had made up his mind to die!

Eaton, being the challenged party, as a matter of course, had the choice of weapons and the mode of the conflict. Presently Fetlock approaching in one of the turns of his walk quite near to E., said, "come, sir, settle the preliminaries as soon as possible. I've no time to lose before breakfast."

as yet consulted his principal as to the mode.

"There is no need of consultation," replied young Eaton, "I shall fight but one way, viz., with the muzzle of my pistol at that villain's heart and his at mine."

At this unexpected announcement, surprise was depicted on every countenance. Fetlock turned deadly pale, and hardly thinking he could have heard aright, asked the second what made the gentleman proposed.

Eaton reiterated that he would fight but one way, and that with the muzzle of the two pistols pointed at the heart of each.—At this announcement the boasting Fetlock began to tremble.

"Choose," said young Eaton holding a pair of pistols towards him, "choose, sir!"

"I retract, sir," said the bully pale and trembling, "for the love of Heaven spare me!"

"Then down on your knees and beg for pardon," said Eaton, looking upon him with the most intense and withering scorn.

And so did that bully, who had killed many a manly antagonist before, hardened as he was, kneel before that dauntless boy. He had found one to whom fear was a stranger—one who would sooner die than be insulted, and who would have death in return.

The coward, Fetlock, alias Goodrich, left the ground alone, and taking an up river boat, sought the backwoods, fleeing forever the company of his former associates, who, though nearly as abandoned as himself, could not but despise him. Within a few months I have heard that Goodrich has been sentenced, and is now serving a term of years in the State prison of Kentucky, for the crime of counterfeiting.

Thus ends the singular adventure which commenced in Le Cafe du Soleil.

[Ballou's Dollar Magazine.]

Doesticks' Description of Fashionable "Calls" in New York City.

As evening came on, the guests who came showed signs of the day's indulgence—I was particularly edified with the movements of three of them, whom I noted with peculiar care—the first shook hands cordially with the servant girl, called her "Miss Griggs," wished her many happy returns, and on being told of his error, made an humble apology to the piano stool, and immediately sat down in a spilloon.

The next made his bow to the hat stand in the hall, swaggered into the room, called for brandy "smash"—tried to rectify his mistake, by begging pardon of Mrs. G. for mistaking her parlor for a bar-room, and assured her, if he had done anything he was sorry for, he was exceedingly glad of it.

The third stambled on the sofa, and after steadily contemplating his boots with much satisfaction for fifteen minutes, he picked up a Chinese fire-screen, and with an irresistible drunken sobriety, he tried to decipher the mysterious characters inscribed thereon, at the same time calling the attention of Mrs. G., to the capital story in the magister member of Harpers Octozine.

Refreshments—first man often essaying to wipe his nose with his umbrella, which he afterwards placed in the music rack—poured his coffee into his ice-cream, put his cake and sandwich into its place, stirred them up with a tea-spoon and tried to drink—the effort resulting in a signal failure, he passed his cup to the chandelier for "a little more sugar."

The next spilled his wine in Laura Matilda's neck, begged she wouldn't apologize, and offered to wipe it with his pocket handkerchief—by which appellation he designated the door mat, which he had brought in with him from the hall.

The other carefully deposited his plate on the floor, dropped his gloves into his saucer, and tried to put his overcoat into his vest pocket, made a great attempt to eat his cup of coffee with his knife and fork, then resolutely set about picking his teeth with the nut-cracker.

After some complicated maneuvering, they bowed themselves out as best they could—but the last one, having mistaken the door and gone down cellar, instead of out doors, was found next morning reposing complacently in the coal-hole.

In fact, New York, every New Year's Eve goes to bed with a huge brick in its municipal hat, and as the legitimate effect of such indiscretion, awakes next morning with a tremendous corporate headache.

"Young America" for once, is unstarved in appearance; and in deportment, meek as the sucking dove.

Whitfield.

The eloquence of the celebrated Whitfield it is said was at times irresistible. The very accomplished skeptic, Chesterfield, was present when this popular preacher presented the votary of sin under the figure of the blind beggar led by a little dog. The dog had broken the string.—The blind beggar with his staff between both hands unconsciously groped his way to the side of a precipice. As he felt along with his staff it dropped back an echo. He sought it on the ground, and bending forward, took one careful step to recover it. But he trod on vacancy, poised for a moment, and then fell headlong. Chesterfield sprang from his seat, exclaiming:—"By heaven! he is gone!"

A Declaration.

That man that hath a tongue, I say is no man, If with his tongue he cannot win a woman. Shakespeare.

Joatham Jenkins in his Sunday's best, sat one evening twirling his hat, at the house of Mr. Twistleton. It was about nine o'clock in the evening, and Mrs. Twistleton had judiciously retired to her apartment, while Tibitha Twistleton, sat up to hear what Joatham Jenkins had to say and rake up the fire after he had taken his leave.

Joatham had been thinking over fine speeches which he meant to utter when opportunity should be given by the withdrawal of the old folks. But when the opportunity came, the words would not come. The fine speech stuck in his throat and he twirled his hat more industriously than ever. But Tibitha Twistleton had more presence of mind, and after enjoying his embarrassment for awhile, she opened her mouth and asked him what made him so dumb?

"Upon that hint he spoke." Anything was better than nothing to break the ice; and that being now effected by the considerate remark of his charmer, he thus began:

"I say Tibitha—"

"Well Joatham."

"I've come here to night—"

"I see you have."

"To inform you that—that—some how or other—"

"Very likely Joatham."

"I don't know how it is—"

"Nor I."

"It's very queer any way, and I feel rather sheepish—"

"Bah!"

"Damn it! Tibitha, I love you! And now it's out."

"And you feel very much relieved, I dare say!"

"I do, I swear, feel shockingly relieved; I feel as if a fifty six was off my stomach."

"Poor fellow! was your love heavy?"

"I guess you'd think so if you knew the weight on't. It pressed me down like a night mare."

"Well, Joatham, I'm glad to hear of your fortunate deliverance. But's growing late, and mother told me to cover up the fire."

"Oh don't think of the fire now, just as I've broke the ice. I've a world of fine things to say to you."

"What are they?"

"I haven't told you half my love yet."

"Oh I thought you'd had it all out."

"I love you like pizen I do indeed, Tibitha."

"That love must be fatal."

"It will be fatal to me if you don't marry me."

"Fudge! Joatham don't be a fool. Go home and let me cover up the fire—that's a good fellow."

"Won't you have me then?"

"I can tell you better Joatham, when you come to be a man."

"Aunt I a man now, Miss Tibitha, I'd like to know?" said Joatham, rising with spirit and putting his hat on his head.

"If I aint a man now, and a whole hog one too, I think it darn strange."

"As to the hog part there's no dispute about it," said Tibitha, covering up the last brand in the ashes.

"Well if that's the way you treat me, Tib, you may go to grass, and get a husband where you can for what I care."

"Thank you, Joatham. Now go home like a good boy, and tell your ma not to let you stray out at nights. You may get lost."

Joatham pressed his hat on his head harder than ever, and telling Tib, as he called her, that she might go to the d— for all him; he left the house—giving one proof at least contrary to the Shakespearean motto, that a man may be endowed with a tongue, and yet not be able to use it so as to win a woman withal.

Unpremeditated Eloquence.

As an example of wonderful unpremeditated eloquence, may be given a short answer of Curran, the Irish orator, to a certain Judge Robinson—the author of many scurrilous pamphlets—who upon one occasion, when the barrister was arguing a case before him, had the impudence to reproach Curran for his poverty, by telling him that he expected "his law library was rather contracted."

"It is true, my Lord," said Curran, with dignified respect, "that I am poor; and the circumstance has certainly somewhat curtailed my library; my books are not numerous, but they are select, and I hope they have been perused with proper disposition. I have prepared myself for this high profession, rather by the study of a few good works than by the composition of a great many bad ones. I am not ashamed of my poverty; but I should be ashamed of my wealth, could I have stooped to acquire it by sordid and corruption. If I rise not to rank, I shall at least be honest; and should I ever cease to be so, many an example shows me that an ill-gained reputation, by making me more conspicuous, would only make me the more universally and the more deservedly contemptible."—Brougham.

A man who cannot command his temper, his attention, and his countenance, should not think of being a man of business.

Last of the Randolphs.

A southern correspondent of the Home Journal, sends it the following interesting sketch:

"During the summer of 1854, I had some business transactions which called me to the county of Charlotte, in lower Virginia. A mild and lovely Sabbath morning, found me seated in one of the comfortably cushioned pews of the village church at the Court-House. As it wanted a few minutes of the hour of service, my eye wandered over the large and respectable looking audience assembled, and was finally attracted by a very eccentric individual, who was just entering—a rather aged man, tall, of dark complexion, long, white hair waving plentifully over his shoulders, and an equally venerable beard flowing on his breast. His step was active and graceful, his form erect and manly. But his peculiar actions were in striking contrast to his dignified appearance. At first I thought him only eccentric, but a few moments of further observation proved to me that he was insane.

"Immediately on entering the pew he knelt towards the wall, crossed himself, and, apparently, repeated a prayer. He then sat down, drew out a white cambric, delicately perfumed, wiped his brow, removed his gloves, stroked his hair and beard, took up his Bible, kissed it and read, examined his cane, used his handkerchief again—and all the time keeping himself in constant motion. I say all the time, but occasionally, he was passive for a few minutes—his attention apparently aroused by some truths from the minister—but these times were rare. His countenance assumed all kinds of expressions. Contempt, alarm, pleasure, earnestness, sorrow and anger, flitted across it in rapid succession. It reminded me more of what children call "making faces" than anything else.

"After the services were over, I ascertained that this was none other than the nephew of John Randolph, of Roanoke. He calls himself Sir John St. George Randolph, and is sole heir to his celebrated uncle. Randolph, himself, remarked with great bitterness, during his last days, that their blood flowed in the veins of but one single scion, and he was deaf, dumb and insane. So much for human greatness. The subject of this sketch—although physically, and now mentally defective—had a mind cultivated in the highest degree. In his youth he was sent to Paris, where, under the protection of a celebrated abbe, he received a thorough education. Having the capacity to receive, and the wealth to command, no pains were spared in the improvement of his intellectual faculties. But it was labor lost; for on returning to his home in Virginia, he met with, and loved a young lady, whom he addressed, but was refused on account of his physical defects. On becoming aware of the truth, he was plunged into the most profound grief, from which he was at last aroused, but—in insanity.

"He has considerable wealth, which is managed by his friends; and, being harmless, he comes and goes as he pleases, and is gratified in all his whims. Wrecked as his mind is, he still commands respect; and his peculiar manners do not attract the attention of acquaintances, or excite merriment, as one would suppose."

American Bolters.

WORCESTER, Mass., Nov. 14.—The American State Council of Massachusetts, assembled here yesterday. The question of electing delegates to the Bolters, American National Convention, to meet in Cincinnati on the 30th of Nov. They opened on the subject of slavery and several of the members opposed the sending of delegates. Gov. Gardner and Henry Buckley were finally chosen delegates at large, with one delegate for each Congressional District. A motion was adopted declaring vacant all seats in the Council held by persons who had gone into Estion.

The resignation of J. W. Foster as President of the State Council was read and accepted by an unanimous vote. The resignation of Lieut. Gov. Brown was also accepted. Henry W. Benchly was then unanimously elected President of the State Council. A. C. Croy of Ipswich, Vice President, Geo. W. Messenger of Boston, Treasurer. There was 185 delegates in attendance on the convention.

The author of a Know Nothing and anti-Catholic work, called "Danger in the Dark," ran away with another man's wife in this State, a short time since. He was overtaken by the enraged husband.

A California paper gives the following as the best title to a lot in San Francisco: A shanty, and yourself in it, with a revolver. If the title needs confirmation, blow somebody's brains out!"

Base all your actions upon a principle of right; preserve your integrity of character, and in doing this never reckon the cost.

ON AN AVARICIOUS MAN.

Lies stingy Jimmy Wyatt;
He died one morning just at tea,
And saved a dinner by it.

Agricultural.

Names of the Premium Apples.

One of our subscribers (in Athens Co.) has requested us to publish the names of the varieties of winter apples for which premiums were awarded at the Ohio State Fair; and as many of our readers may be interested in the matter, we cheerfully comply:

Best 12 varieties.	Second 12 varieties.
Newtown Pippin,	Newtown Pippin,
Red Canada,	Roxbury Russet,
Northern Spy,	Baldwin,
Swaar,	Wine Sap,
Peck's Pleasant,	Winter Wine,
Belmont,	Yellow Bellflower,
Rambo,	Rambo,
R. I. Greening,	R. I. Greening,
Ortley,	Northern Spy,
Baldwin,	Am. Golden Russet,
Ohio Nonpareil,	White Pippin,
Domine,	Sweet Apple, unknown

In taking a vote on the different assortments, the above two were each set down as having ten "first-rate" varieties—omitting the two last named in each list; and the committee felt some doubt as to which of the two should be considered the best assortment; as one (the first) was considered the best for the northern part of the State, and the other for the southern. The Yellow Bellflower, Wine Sap and White Pippin are found more valuable in Southern Ohio than Peck's Pleasant, Swaar and Belmont; but these last are better than the others at the North.

Best 6 varieties.	Second 6 varieties.
Newtown Pippin,	Newtown Pippin,
Northern Spy,	Baldwin,
Yellow Bellflower,	R. I. Greening,
Baldwin,	W. Seck-no-farther,
Jonathan,	Red Canada,
N. Spitzenberg,	Belmont.

Here again the same difficulty arose as before. All the varieties were pronounced "first-rate," but one assortment (the first) was found best adapted for the southern part of the State, and the other to the northern; and as the specimens from the south were handsomer than the others, the first premium was awarded them.—Ohio Cultivator.

Poor Farming an Expensive Business.

The truth is, poor farming is an expensive business. The cost exceeds the income. If from a very low grade of farming, which must of course be unprofitable, we ascend to a better condition of art, we shall come to a point where is neither loss nor gain. The income equals the outgoes; the ends meet; as they say. And this if we understand these matters, is the very condition in which nine-tenths of our farming now is.

The farmer of a hundred acres puts on his farm, in his own labor, in the labor of his wife and children, in taxes, insurance, &c., \$500. And he takes off in some marketable produce or for home consumption \$500. "The ends meet;" and if there is no better way, he need not complain, for he is working his way through the world as quietly and easily as most men for the development of high moral qualities he has the advantage of most others; and what is more, he has the best possible means of training his children to those habits of industry and frugality which more than conspire to make them good men and women, and worthy citizens. Let him not therefore, complain.

We do not believe that farming is necessarily limited to the operation of putting on \$500 and taking off \$500, the better way is to put on \$700 and take off \$900, and then put on \$900 and take off \$1200. There is doubtless a limit beyond which the income could not be made to increase above the expenditures; but very few of us are in danger of arriving at it.—Our standard is too low. Men are afraid to trust their land, least it should not pay them. It is the best pay master in the world.

Proverbs for Planters.

Never keep animals on short allowance, if you starve them, they will surely starve you.

Although, in draining land thoroughly, your purse may be drained, yet the full crops that follow will soon fill it up again.

Trying to farm without capital, is like trying to run a locomotive without fuel. Money and wood must both be consumed, if they are to move the machine of the farm or of the rail.

Always give the soil the first meal. If this is well fed with manure, it will feed all else—plants, animals, and man.

If you wish to give an energetic movement to all your farm machinery, and keep its hundred wheels in rotation, be sure not to be without a good rotation of crops.

If you allow your animals to shiver, your fortune will shiver in consequence; that is, the farmer who leaves his cattle to the winds, will find his profits also given to the winds.

Heavy carrot crops for cattle will soon return carats of gold.

Did you ever hear the musical notes of a starving herd of hogs? Extinguish by food those notes speedily, if you would avoid even more annoying notes after pay-day has passed.

Many a farmer, by too sparingly reed, ing his new meadows, has had to cede his whole farm.